Government by Disdain *Raymond Aron*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Laos—How Neutral?

Denis Warner

Pennsylvania Avenue Politics

Rowland Evans, Jr.

After the Coffee-Break

Gleb Struve

Broadway Buccaneer

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Tsarist Washington

★ A seedy man with a hand-printed "Brotherhood Not Bombs" placard marched before the White House, his eager-eyed daughter distributed blue pamphlets to incurious pedestrians heads down against the whipping wind; benevolent police watched at the iron gates and a van load of tourists brushed through photographers and travel touts to inspect the White House.

Somewhere inside the Treasury relays of consultants made last-minute computations on the tax message that would go to Congress next day; somewhere in the State Department representatives of the US and USSR through interpreters blandly canvassed Moscow's latest, surprising concession over on-site inspection, neither side trusting the other; on the Hill, well-fed, heavy-jowled Senators fought to preserve the filibuster, without which illiterate Negroes and Poor Whites might ultimately vote themselves better conditions. Over in France de Gaulle dreamed of a new European power bloc led by a Renaissance France with gloomy Anglo-Saxons firmly excluded; off in Vietnam some Americans out of the 12,000 US officers and men in that nasty, ignoble little war, started off on a helicopter mission, wondering if they would ever come back.

An odd world, a quaint world – nobody can ever imagine all the bizarre human motivations in it, most of them patently contrary to the self-interest of their possessors.

One mustn't brood about Washington, however; it leads nowhere. Taxes, for instance. Is there really any educated person left who doesn't know that after 10 years of sluggish economy the thing to do now is cut taxes and expand deficit spending? But is our governmental mechanism capable of moving swiftly? It is doubtful.

Sometimes Washington recalls Tsarist St. Petersburg in 1914 described by Barbara Tuchman in *The Guns of August*. Change a word or two and you have that dreamy sense of unreality – "The officer corps was top-heavy with a superabundance of aged generals (Senators). Officers were appointed and promoted chiefly through patronage (Seniority). . . . Insofar as readiness for war (Recession) was concerned, the regime was personified by its Minister of War, General Sukhomlinov (Chairman Byrd of the Finance Committee). 'Look at me. . . . I have not read a military manual (Economic Text) for the last 25 years'."

Yes, the place had a certain charm – "a city of Uncle Vanyas without hope . . . a quality called *le charme slav*, half nonchalance, half inefficiency, a kind of *fin de siecle* fecklessness that hung like a faint mist over the city on the Neva which the world knew as St. Petersburg and did not know was the Cherry Orchard."

Washington is not like this? – well, maybe not. But come to the US Senate and look down at those pompous old men, endlessly, boringly reciting the dangers of letting majority rule replace filibusters; or come to the House and watch the somewhat younger men answering Kennedy's fire alarm to cut taxes. Goodness me! – See them puff: isn't that contraption an old hand pump? And see them, they are running the thing across flypaper!

Expanding on Oil

★ Mr. Kennedy's enormously long tax message is a strong document in many ways. Don't worry about the deficit, he tells the nation very sensibly; if we balance the economy the budget will balance itself. Once and for all he has nailed his colors to the mast of expansionary economics. And high time, too.

Mr. Kennedy reveals the tax "reforms" he has tied into his package. Not a word about cutting the 27½ percent oil depletion allowance, the granddaddy of all loopholes! Some new taxes on the oil magnates; but not enough to really hurt their position. The shade of the great oil lobbyist, departed Senator Kerr (D, Okla.), looked down on the Administration as it wrote the document; everybody knows oil Senators would block tax cuts if the depletion allowance were touched. Its omission is a political necessity; yet why does one still feel sick at the stomach?

And now the thing is up to Congress: as important to stimulating the economy as the tax cut itself is the timing. Can Kennedy count on Congress for swift action? Of course not. At best, the outcome now is a toss-up.

America's "Invisible Poor"

★ Dwight Macdonald did a fine job in *The New Yorker* last week, we thought, in painstakingly spelling out the story of America's "invisible poor." Most people just can't believe that one-quarter of the nation are poor: they see them, and look through them. What is "poverty"? It is deprivation of minimal levels of health, housing, food and schooling; the dividing line set by the US Labor Department is $4,000 for a family of four, and $2,000 for an individual; and 40-50 million Americans live below that line, "not just below the level of comfortable living but real poverty, in the old-fashioned sense of the word . . . hard put to get the mere necessities, beginning with enough to eat."

A sluggish economy is hell on such people, and we have had it for 10 years now; the rich "almost as rich as ever" and the poor poorer, "in the percentage of the national income they receive."

We made some remarks the other day about Senator Kefauver and the thalidomide tragedy and readers have written about it. About the best account is "The Thalidomide Story" by Arthur E. Rowse of *The Washington Post*, in *Nieman Reports* (December, 1962).

People who like to argue about Soviet Russia will find an inexhaustible mine of material in a green, paper-bound, 744 pp document, "Dimensions of Soviet Economic Power," $2.75, postage free, Superintendent of Documents, US Government Printing Office. The authors are reasonably objective: the Soviets' wildly uneven economy begins to feel the pinch of the Cold War . . . And just as a final statistic, a committee headed by Dr. Glenn Seaborg recently told Mr. Kennedy that in AD 2000 nuclear power will be generating *half* of all the energy manufactured in the USA; yes, less than 40 years.

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"No Sense Raising Hell"

"Before my term is ended," President Kennedy said in his first State of the Union Message, "we shall have to test anew whether a nation organized and governed such as ours can endure. The outcome is by no means certain." Thus far, we have endured. Unless our adventures in Cuba, Vietnam and elsewhere have unforseen repercussions, or unless technical incompetence and mental aberration accidentally set our armada of missiles in motion, we are likely to endure another two years. For this we should all be grateful. There is no assurance that we could have done as well with another President, and some reason to fear we might have done worse. Nevertheless, merely to endure is an ambition more appropriate to the old frontier than the new, more compatible with the outlook of a conservative President than an avowed liberal. Mr. Kennedy's first State of the Union Message asked for far more.

"Our national household," he reported, "is cluttered with unfinished and neglected tasks. Our cities are being engulfed in squalor. Twelve long years after Congress declared our goal to be 'a decent home and a suitable environment for every American family,' we still have 25 million Americans living in substandard homes. . . . Our classrooms contain 2 million more children than they can properly have room for, taught by 90,000 teachers not properly qualified to teach. One-third of our most promising high school graduates are financially unable to continue the development of their talents. . . . We lack the scientists, the engineers and the teachers our world obligations require. We have neglected oceanography, saline water conversion, and the basic research that lies at the root of all progress. . . . Medical research has achieved new wonders – but these wonders are too often beyond the reach of too many people, owing to lack of income (particularly among the aged), a lack of hospital beds, a lack of nursing homes and a lack of doctors and dentists. . . . Our supply of clean water is dwindling. Organized and juvenile crimes cost the taxpayers millions of dollars every year. . . . The denial of constitutional rights to some of our fellow Americans on account of race – at the ballot box and elsewhere – disturbs the national conscience. . . . The present state of the economy is disturbing. . . . Of some five and a half million Americans without jobs, more than one million have been searching for work for more than four months. . . ."

That, according to John F. Kennedy, was the state of the union on January 31, 1961. Today the President's first term is half over, and

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the outlines of his program for the second half are clear. It can hardly be said, even by the Administration's most devoted admirers, that the major domestic problems outlined two years ago will be closer to solution when the President's first term draws to a close next year. Most of these problems will, if anything, have become more acute and more intractable after four years of inaction. Housing shortages will have multiplied and urban sprawl continued; urban transportation will be more congested. The teacher and classroom shortage will be more acute; colleges more crowded and more expensive. Professional expertise will be even shorter; unskilled workers in greater surplus. Juvenile crime will have increased. Negroes will still be second-class citizens, and their bitterness will have increased in the interim. Unemployment is the only problem likely to have abated, and even that will still be acute by comparison with Europe, with America a decade ago, or with any humane view of what America should be a decade hence.

None of this seems at first glance to be President Kennedy's fault. He has, after all, proposed legislation for dealing with all these ills, sometimes rather imaginatively. He has twisted arms and rolled logs to get this legislation passed. That he has nevertheless failed seems more the fault of a myopic Congress and a complacent citizenry than Presidential inertia or ineptitude. But perhaps that is too kind.

While the President has proposed a wide variety of legislative remedies, he has rarely given Congress or his public the impression that he cared deeply about their passage. His habitual willingness to bargain one benefit away in order to get another tended to confirm the suspicions of Congressmen who doubt that any of his proposals are vitally important to the national welfare. His refusal, when defeated, to tell either the public or the Congress that defeat would mean suffering or waste has suggested to many that what he originally asked for was always expendable, and that Congress was showing a wise caution in refusing it. The President cannot have it both ways. He cannot say publicly in 1962 that the 87th Congress was a pretty good one and then expect outraged voters to give him something radically different in 1963. He cannot have "politics as usual" while hoping to "get America moving again."

The President is one of many Americans who believe that it is possible to make fundamental changes in a gradual manner and that the wise reformer always stays in the middle of the road. Perhaps. But over and over the Administration has yielded to the argument that Congress will not allocate $100 million for a new program, and has asked $100,000 for a small "pilot program" instead. Inevitably, the experiment attracts little attention and less talent, is buried in bureaucratic procedures, and is ultimately abandoned. One has only to imagine trying to start the Peace Corps as a $500,000 experiment with 50 volunteers under AID to grasp the danger of this approach.

In reporting on his first two years in office, the President made the revealing remark that "there is no sense in raising hell and then not being successful." But there is even less sense in being led quietly into oblivion without even the satisfaction of an outraged protest. If the President cannot persuade Congress to solve the nation's problems he might at least render the nation the service of reminding it that it still has problems – problems which a tax cut will not begin to solve. Instead, we were told last month that the state of the nation is now "good."

The Stevenson Clan

When Congressman Sidney Yates of Illinois agreed last year to run against Senator Dirksen it was known that he had bitten off more than he might be able to swallow, and that he had been given no assurance of another job in the event of defeat. Virtue has, however, been rewarded. Mr. Yates is to replace US Ambassador Jonathan Bingham on the UN Trusteeship Council; Mr. Bingham returns to his long-standing interest in problems of the underdeveloped countries as US representative on the Economic and Social Council.

Yates first entered politics as a Stevenson man, and considering the speculations about "deep differences" between the President and Ambassador Stevenson, it is interesting how many other New Frontier appointees were early campaigners for Stevenson. Yates, of course, placed the Administration in his debt by taking on Dirksen, but most of the other Stevensonians were owed very little by this Administration. The list is impressive: Postmaster Edward Day, Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz, Deputy Secretary of State George Ball, AID Director David Bell, Assistant Secretary of State Harland Cleveland, Assistant Secretary of State Fred Dutton, FCC Chairman Newton Minow, Presidential Assistant Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., NATO Ambassador Thomas K. Finletter, Ambassador William Attwood (Guinea), Ambassador John Bartlow Martin (Dominican Republic), Ambassador William Rivkin (Luxembourg), Federal District Judge Hubert Will and Circuit Court of Appeals Judge Carl McGowan.

Back to the Table

Despite Mr. Khrushchev's return to his 1959-60 view that the USSR could allow three on-site inspections a year under a test ban treaty, the chances for agreement are still not very good. The Soviet offer, although vague

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in many details, seems to consist of three inspections, plus three "black boxes" visited by neutral experts every four to six months and a network of seismic stations in neutral nations around the world. The US demand, also somewhat vague, is for eight or ten inspections a year, substantially more than three "black boxes," and the right to visit these boxes every five or six weeks.

All of these differences would be easy to negotiate if only technical and military issues were involved. Either side could accept most of the other's demands without seriously jeopardizing its national security. The US proposals would probably not provide any appreciable opportunity for espionage if proper safeguards (such as the sealed planes to visit black boxes) were arranged. And the Soviet proposals would probably be more than sufficient to discourage the Soviets from attempting a secret underground test. As we learned in 1961, the Soviets want to test openly and in the air if they test at all, and the danger is that they will denounce the treaty, not that they will violate it secretly.

But while the technical issues might be negotiated, it may be more difficult to solve the political problems posed by France and China. Mr. Gromyko went out of his way last week to emphasize that the USSR would not sign a treaty unless France did so, which was tantamount to saying that the USSR would not sign at all. The only way to get France and China to accept a test ban would be for the US and USSR to sell them the information they seek from testing. This is a price that neither side seems likely to pay to stop fallout.

Revolt of the Professors

The Bank of America in San Francisco this week acquired a new director of economic research, Charles Foster Haywood. This appointment would have no more than routine interest except for the fact that Haywood was, until January 31, the provost of the University of Mississippi. And no sooner had he disclosed his impending resignation than a group of prominent faculty members went to him and proposed that they also leave. Rumors spread that the chancellor himself was contemplating resignation. Haywood urged all to stay in their places, but discontent is still widespread and Ole Miss may still lose some of its better professors in June.

Haywood's colleagues say he resigned primarily because the university's trustees had failed to defend the administration's right to enforce discipline among the students. Specifically, the case of a sophomore named Taylor Robertson, one of five students expelled in the aftermath of the September rioting, is said to have caused his departure. After his expulsion in November, Robertson took his case to court, and Hinds County Chancellor J. D. Stennett ordered the university to readmit him. It did so.

For those who wanted to keep the university on the side of law and order, Robertson's return was a severe reversal. Several responses were discussed. The final plan was for the trustees to have the state attorney general's office appeal the decision, all the way to the Mississippi Supreme Court if necessary, on the ground that the university had a right to administer its own discipline.

University Chancellor J. D. Williams and his faculty supporters, apparently believing they had a firm assurance that the trustees would act at the first opportune moment, awaited developments. By Christmas they were still waiting, and some began to fear that the board once again had temporized with a matter vital to the university's integrity. (The most recent previous surrender was in appointing Governor Ross Barnett as Registrar so he could personally reject James Meredith's application.) It was in this atmosphere that Provost Haywood resigned.

Meanwhile, the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools has issued a formal warning to the school, placing the University and other Mississippi institutions under provisional status in their accreditation. Senator James Eastland (who calls the Southern association a self-protective teachers' union) and some other politicians have indicated they might be willing to reject the requirements of accrediting associations. There has been talk that a few hard-line segregationist states could establish their own accrediting system. The price of this sort of folly is, however, being made clear, especially by those interested in the professional schools. Without accreditation, for example, graduates of the Ole Miss Law School could not even take the bar examinations in 44 states. Medical school graduates might face similar professional difficulties.

Faculty members at Ole Miss have generally adopted an attitude that might seem timid to academic men from states where extremist fires burn less brightly. Five years ago a group of Citizens Council leaders accused several professors of favoring integration (a sort of felony in Mississippi). In 1959 the Council leaders raised the charges again in a more general fashion, accusing the university's administration and faculty of allowing subversion and "apostasy" on the campus, and demanding a cleanup. Extremists even persuaded the trustees to oust William P. Murphy, a professor of Law. The faculty, convinced that "the university must not be damaged under any circumstances," felt it best to hold its peace.

Nevertheless, there is not only discretion but valor at Ole Miss. Some professors have made it a point to eat with Meredith in the university cafeteria to show

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how they felt about the students' isolation of him. One professor had Meredith home to dinner, a non-culinary gesture with emotional ramifications hard to imagine outside the Deep South.

Even more impressive were faculty efforts to maintain order, which began after the October riots (in which "cherry bomb" explosives had been hurled and pamphlets had been distributed urging soldiers on the campus to join the students). Two-by-two, the professors began nightly patrols of the campus at times when they had reason to fear demonstrations. Their intelligence system seemed to be good: they are confident that their presence prevented trouble on at least one occasion when it had been planned. On most evenings fewer than a dozen faculty members were considered enough around the campus, but one night about 50 walked silently on their "beats," passing by the white columns of the Lyceum Building and the Confederate memorial, watching the dormitories, making themselves quietly conspicuous.

"There was some talk of deputizing us," one such stroller recalls, "but we turned this suggestion down. You can't 'police' at night and be a professor by day. It would spoil your relations with your students. It was enough just to let the few troublemakers on the campus know that they would be observed and probably recognized."

What will happen if Meredith withdraws from Ole Miss, as many now expect, remains uncertain. New Negro applications seem to insure a continuing struggle.

REESE CLEGHORN

FOREIGN REPORTS

Nehru All Alone?

★ Mr. Nehru has begun a slow and nervous approach toward negotiations with the Chinese, but apparently he must now go it alone, without the parliamentary support he had originally requested; indeed without the support of his own Congress Party. By and large the Prime Minister has accepted the "Colombo" peace plan, which has been strongly argued in both Delhi and Peking by Mrs. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister of Ceylon and spokesman of the six nonaligned "Colombo" nations. Under the Colombo proposals, the McMahon Line would be reestablished as the frontier along most of the disputed northeastern sector. Further west in Ladakh the Chinese would withdraw 12½ miles and the area left by their retreat would become a demilitarized zone. The Indians would lose 42 military posts situated here, and captured by the Chinese in their advances last fall. Most important, the Chinese withdrawal would in no way jeopardize their control of the road through Ladakh which links Sinkiang Province with Tibet. The Colombo countries would either supervise joint policing of demilitarized zones or do the policing themselves.

In plumping so diligently for this plan, the Colombo countries are not involved solely in an errand of mercy. They want nonalignment to remain a "third force" in the world, and this is only possible if India remains at the head of the movement. To shuttle Nehru through the face-saving motions of an honorable settlement at the conference table seems the only way to keep him from falling into a military alliance with the West.

Mrs. Bandaranaike has been falling all over herself in this regard, and she has got Nehru into a jam. Two important members of his cabinet, Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan and Finance Minister M. Desai balked when confronted by her proposals. The Prime Minister was informed that should he seek a vote in parliament he was sure to be turned down cold. Apparently the nationalistic pride aroused by the Chinese invasion will not be easy to damp down. Meanwhile, Mr. Nehru has presented the measures for discussion in parliament, but will decide on his own whether or not to negotiate.

Nor have the winds from Peking been particularly bracing for Mrs. Bandaranaike. One day Peking will beckon Nehru, begging sweet reasonableness; the next, it kicks him in the mouth. It accepted the Colombo proposals in principle. Then Delhi received reports that Chinese leaders were tired of India's "arrogance," and thought she deserved to be "taught some more lessons." On another occasion China accused India of ordering troops stationed in the tiny Himalayan Province of Sikkim into Tibet. India denied the accusation, but there were reports from Tibet of Chinese troops massing along the Indian borders and sporadic revolt by Tibetans, who resist Chinese efforts to impress them into the army. The Chinese have thus raised a new frontier dispute, which they can pursue at their leisure.

The Prime Minister's difficulties are made more varied by desultory talks with Pakistan over the status of Kashmir. A second round has drawn to a listless conclusion, with promises to resume shortly. There is little sign that either side is willing to make enough concessions to produce a settlement.

British Labour Goes Suburban

★ Aneurin Bevan once described Mr. Gaitskell as a desiccated adding machine, and although this was wildly unfair (Mr. Gaitskell was even known to cry in public) he did have a tidy and orthodox mind. The more rip-roaring appeals of the Left, like Nationalization and Class War, seemed to him irrelevant to the 20th Century and in rather bad taste.

For most of its history the Labour Party has been a

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Movement and has been led by a chairman rather than a leader. Mr. Gaitskell changed all that. Under his auspices Labour became a party. It lost its revolutionary fervor and grew cautious. The Promised Land became full of nice little suburban houses with smooth green lawns leading to an ornamental gate and a waiting car.

It is far too late, and Britain far too affluent, for Labour to go back to the good old days. Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition must have a leader – "an alternative Prime Minister" – to fill Gaitskell's place. None is in sight. George Brown, the Deputy Leader, is a conservative who came out of the trade union wing of the party. A man completely without tact or wit, he seldom thinks before he acts. His normal response to opposition is to reach for a broken bottle. He has innumerable bitter enemies who would gladly do the same. Harold Wilson, a radical intellectual and one of the few Labour MP's with Cabinet experience, has both tact and forensic ability, but his very gifts make him unacceptable to the trade unions, which fear radical innovations and scorn intellectual ability. No other Labour MP has any substantial claim to become Gaitskell's successor.

What then? It is clear that the British voters are tired of Macmillan. It is unclear how they would feel if Mac retired and R. A. Butler replaced him, and less clear how they might respond to a younger man. Washington has already begun to contemplate the alarming possibility that the voters will turn in large numbers to Jo Grimond, the Liberal Party leader, and that the next British Government will therefore be some kind of coalition.

DE GAULLE REMAINS A MYSTERY, "TRANSFORMED INTO AN ENIGMA"

Government by Disdain

Paris

The practice of performing aerial acrobatics on the tight-rope of history which has come, under the Fifth Republic, to be known euphemistically as a "press conference" resembles the meetings between American journalists and the US President only in name. General de Gaulle's press conferences are works of art. On wings of oratory, the French chief of state takes off into the blue and from this lofty vantage point addresses himself to the world below: he conjures up the past and casts beams of light on the future; heaps blame on some, showers praise on others, withers his opponents with scorn, and in general makes no effort to hide the satisfaction which France, inseparable from his own person, inspires in his soul. This work of art is, however, not merely for display. It is in fact a statement of policy: by the twist of a sentence the Minister for Algeria learns that the Sahara is to form part of the patrimony to which the FLN will fall heir. Such statements of policy are keystones of strategy and biography. The immediate objective is not always visible, and long-range goals are carefully kept equivocal, "veiled in mystery and transformed into an enigma."

Whatever events the future may hold, General de Gaulle will have anticipated and desired them. In the third volume of his *Memoirs*, by at once recommending that the Germanies (plural) be reconstituted (as in the days of Richelieu and the sail-borne navy) and that Europe be unified by reconciliation with the Germanies, he insured himself against the unpredictable. And similarly, on the subject of the Soviet Union (usually called Russia), he calls simultaneously for an attitude of unyielding firmness and, after time has done its work, the outstretched hand of friendship. Political oracles, be they writers or speakers, run less risk of error if they touch on every conceivable development.

Although I cannot adduce concrete evidence, it is my personal opinion that General de Gaulle doesn't really take half of his own arguments seriously. I rather imagine that he derives a sort of solitary amusement from the spectacle of the polemics touched off by his oratory.

In the lengthy section of his press conference in which he takes up the French atomic program, there are two brief sentences which sound a note of common sense and pave the way for possible future developments. "Of course," he stated, "American nuclear weapons will continue to serve as a guarantee of world peace." And again: "Naturally France has no objection whatever to the combining of the action of this force with the action of a similar Allied force of the same type." Perhaps Walter Lippmann is right in suggesting that the reason General de Gaulle wants France to have her own atomic force is because *he knows he can rely* on American protection. The French force, insignificant if pitted against the Soviet Union, at least constitutes a diplomatic trump-card *vis-à-vis* the United States. If the time should ever come when the action of France's atomic force is "combined" with that of the Allied

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force, what French leader in his right mind would make a decision without, or against, his allies – a decision which would mean the wiping out of the French people?

We may, therefore, disregard for all practical purposes the various eventualities which it pleased General de Gaulle to conjure up – each more improbable than the next, including the contention that a French national force would deter the aggressor more effectively than America's nuclear force – and pass on to consider the question now being raised by both French and foreign diplomats and emissaries. Why did General de Gaulle, deliberately and with malice aforethought, provoke a scandal when there was no "immediate" danger of an accord at Brussels and when it would have been possible to set the Nassau Pact aside more suavely and by negotiation? I don't know the answer to this question, but I am certain that it will be forthcoming during the next weeks or months. As it emerges, and only then, we will be in a position to judge whether, *even granting the goals and the approach* of de Gaulle's policies, the scandal has paid off.

The method of leadership he described in *The Edge of the Sword* – egotism, pride, aloofness, trickery – has not always proved its superiority over methods more in vogue in democratic countries. Admitting, for example, as I have believed for years, that Algeria's independence was inevitable and by no means incompatible with the interests of France, was the final price of disengagement reduced to a minimum by the technique of advancing the project from press conference to press conference?

The factor which really created repercussions of amazement, outrage and even suffering in much more far-reaching circles than the limited group of de Gaulle's perennial enemies was his deliberately aggressive attitude toward all concerned. As set forth by him, the Atlantic Organization would simply be assimilated to a "satellization" movement centered around France, as though all our country need do to attain a capacity for action out of all proportion to its economic and military resources is to stand alone, on its own. Great Britain is dismissed as "insular," hence non-European (was Britain non-European in 1940?), and after being summarily flunked in the Europeanism examination, is invited to send her representatives back some years from now after she has advanced a little. Doubt is cast on America's will to defend Europe, but at the same time de Gaulle is firmly relying on it. The President of the Republic talks as though our five partners in the Community had commissioned him to speak for them. And finally, to sum it all up, all parties concerned are reduced to speculation rather than reasoned consideration, not because the General opposes Britain's entry to the Common Market, nor yet because he aspires to possession of a few fighter-bombers bearing A-bombs, but because he is applying to his worldwide diplomatic relations the same method used in the Algerian affair – in other words, he surrounds his reservations and true motives with a veil of dissimulation and lets each interpret them as he will.

In my opinion the Atlantic Alliance is strong enough to afford the luxury of one such Great Man, preoccupied with conserving his public image and his secrets. However, if by some misfortune he were to attract disciples, the Alliance would surely crumble. Should this ever come to pass, the true measure of France's force would surely be taken, despite all the sophistries of the experts.

RAYMOND ARON

THE TORIES REMAIN INTENT ON "AMERICANIZING" EUROPE

Still The Trojan Horse

London

For the British Government there has been, and still is, no real alternative to the Common Market. This is abundantly true politically. For the past 18 months the Tories have been waiting for something dramatically successful to turn up for them: at the Llandudno conference last October Mr. Macmillan hitched the party wagon to Europe, and every last gray-haired, floral-patterned Tory matron scrambled desperately aboard. Nor are there any economic alternatives to the Common Market so far as the Tories are concerned. Private investment has been hanging fire since the summer, despite Chancellor Maudling's efforts to reflate through investment allowances and a series of purchase tax cuts. The big firms are uncertain whether to expand at home or scurry safely inside the European tariff wall. This has aggravated the unemployment figures, which are the worst since the Tories returned to power in 1951. Now there are real fears for sterling if the European door is barred.

But above all the absence of a viable alternative is

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diplomatic and psychological. Macmillan has been expending his peculiar political skill, within his party and in the country at large, on weaning opinion away from the oceanic past, from the "special relationship" with the United States and even from the white Commonwealth. Temperamentally Britain has never been closer to mooring itself alongside the continent. Whatever the backwash of immediate Gallophobia set up by a breakdown in Brussels, no one in the government is prepared, in good conscience, to set the engines churning again towards the open sea.

Macmillan and Heath had counted on the other five at Brussels to stop de Gaulle launching his torpedo; once the news came that it was on its way they still counted on the five to divert it before they, too, were blown out of the water. There are still hopes that Adenauer said something in Paris which will prevent the meeting on January 28 from being a total fiasco: But if the worst happens in Brussels the first inclination in Whitehall will still be to sit as dumb as possible for some time in the expectation of internal explosions among the Six. There is certainly no intention of accepting de Gaulle's offer of a separate economic arrangement between Britain and the Six. Ministers, especially Reginald Maudling, remember vividly that this was precisely what they tried to do four years ago, only to be told that freer entry for British manufacturers in France could only be won by swallowing the principles of the Treaty of Rome.

What has genuinely surprised ministers, even after Macmillan's chilly weekend at Rambouillet in December, has been de Gaulle's readiness, instead of spinning out the technical negotiations indefinitely, to proclaim his fundamental political objection to British membership. The talk of Britain as an American "Trojan horse" in the Gaullist citadel is, admittedly, not far removed from the truth. Macmillan was prepared to play this role, both in the interests of the wider western community and to enhance his own political standing. But great exception is taken in London to the private French complaint that Macmillan knew all about the Polaris missiles deal well in advance and failed to mention it at Rambouillet. The British delegation swears that, in fact, it never heard the word Polaris in an American mouth until the second day at Nassau. Macmillan still believes that direct military and economic interdependence with North America is what not only Britain but Germany, Italy and the Low Countries want. But it is clear that the only way to point the European community in this direction at present is for the other five to act now, in their own interests, to change the political complexion of the community itself. Britain cannot help in this initially, but it is not going to complicate matters either by tightening up the European Free Trade Association (the Seven) or trying to twist Commonwealth arms into conceding new forms of imperial preference.

Yet if the drawbridge is not let down in the next few weeks from inside, how can the Gaullist walls be scaled? Before de Gaulle spoke on January 14 the first casual murmurs could be heard from Admiralty House inquiring how the country might be expected to take an early general election, based on the proposition that the government had done its best in Brussels, that it was being stopped only by a willful old man from the fifteenth century, and that the best way to wear him down would be to return another pro-European cabinet to rub up against him for another five persistent years. (Now Hugh Gaitskell's removal from the scene, however great a personal tragedy it is, has done more than anything that could have been imagined to give the Tories a clear electoral run this spring.) Ministers believe that they will have the tacit, if not the declared, support of the White House if the wearing down of de Gaulle drags on all year and international tariff negotiations become necessary. The British are anxious to see a rapid development of the NATO nuclear force concept, not only as a new growth point for the North Atlantic community but as a means of emphasizing French isolation. Instead of the old British fear of Washington dealing directly with the Paris-Bonn axis, there is a belief that de Gaulle has lost this particular game simply by continuing to assure that the alliance must be divided between the Anglo-Saxons on one side and the continental Europeans on the other. None of his partners agrees with this. But no one is prepared to say that Macmillan would be right to call for a European summit, or a North Atlantic summit, before de Gaulle's position can be at least partially undermined.

It is going to be a very tough, and possibly a very long, business to knit everything together again. But the Tories have already convinced themselves that they, and only they, could keep up the momentum of the European initiative, and hence that any methods would be justified to stay in power. They are not going to give up now, however bad the news looks. To get out their normal right-of-center vote they may have to go into a number of curious electoral contortions: invoking the Anglo-American relationship (although a month ago, after Skybolt and Dean Acheson, most of the baronets and brigadiers would have cheerfully boiled Mr. Kennedy in oil); declaring their wholehearted and lifelong devotion to the white Commonwealth and the British farmer; and even refusing Treasury permission for British capital to rush into the continent. But the long-term object will still be to edge, shuffle and jostle the Trojan horse into Europe. There is no option for the Tory commanders: for in reality their fleet has already been burned behind them on the shore.

Alastair Burnet

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POLICY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE IRON CURTAIN REMAINS FROZEN

Stalemate in Germany

Bonn

The sixth Congress of the Socialist Unity Party – the first of its kind since 1958 – has brought no real surprises. Lasting from January 15 to January 21, it has confirmed the present party leadership, underlined the total dependence of the East German Republic on the Soviet Union, and emphasized Soviet determination to keep Germany divided and to shore up its rickety East German satellite. These results were all predictable; possibly the only minor omission in East Berlin during the last few days has been of any coherent reference to the previously declared Soviet policy of encouraging a "Confederation" of two equally entitled German states. Evidently Khrushchev decided that nothing need be said about this mainly propagandist objective – chiefly because the West in general, and the West German government in particular, have produced no new thought themselves on the subject of German reunification and a "final settlement" of the German problem.

This particular omission on the part of both Khrushchev and the East German leader, Walter Ulbricht, is already being hailed by West Germans as a plus-point for their Federal Republic. It looks, superficially, as if the Communist camp has tacitly admitted that it can gain nothing by applying pressure in the German theater. This means that West Berlin will be left in peace. Khrushchev has not decided to "compensate himself for Cuba in Berlin." This is grounds for some satisfaction in the West as a whole (though hardly in Western Germany, since this Congress has merely emphasized the lasting nature of the division of Germany). The Berlin anvil has been spared another blow by the Communist hammer. But the Communists only withheld the Confederation card because Western inactivity and apathy have allowed them to do so.

What are the real lessons of this Socialist Unity Congress? Perhaps the most obvious is that Khrushchev is still acutely concerned over the problem of the Soviet Union's disputed leadership of the Communist world. In East Berlin he was brilliantly tactful on the subject of the Russo-Chinese dispute. In his big speech of January 16 he made no direct reference to Chinese opposition, but picked on the Albanians as the arch-example of unconstructive dogmatism. Yet the warning to China was implicit, and it did not for one moment escape the close attention of the delegation to the Congress. In any event, the "Khrushchev line" received the solid backing of the Polish, Czech and, of course, East German delegations. More did not need to be said on this subject, and the sotto voce mutterings of members of some of the smaller countries present – Indonesia, Cuba and North Korea – did not represent significant opposition to the leadership of the Soviet Union. Khrushchev has used East Berlin as a forum for asserting Soviet leadership; it made an excellent forum, and his tactics have paid off.

The second lesson of the Congress is that the East German Republic – and to a minor extent the whole Soviet Bloc – is going through a most difficult time in the economic sphere. Both in the Congress hall and in visits to factories in and outside Berlin Khrushchev reminded his East German listeners of the paramount need to achieve economic prosperity in order to assert the superiority of the Communist over the capitalist world. At the giant state-owned steel combine at Fuerstenberg-on-Oder he urged the assembled workers to "work, work and once again work, and every day to work harder and work better, in order to increase your wealth." He went on, "You must put everything, yes, everything, into the task of raising your productivity above that of the West Germans."

The need to raise productivity in Eastern Germany is obvious enough. So is Khrushchev's preoccupation with this question. But the fact remains that the East Germans are doomed to a further period of austerity, which may be even more galling than before. In his January 15 speech Ulbricht made it clear that the 1970 targets for food production (and consumption) would now be lower than those set for 1965 (the last year of the original Seven Year Plan). East Germans are going to have to draw their belts a little tighter. In the next eight years production of eggs is scheduled to grow only 15 percent, butter 18 percent and meat a wretched six percent. All these foods are already rationed, and the 17 million East Germans have now endured intermittent food rationing for over 30 years. The 1970 targets suggest that rationing will continue until then.

More disturbing for the East Germans is the thought that food-production will actually *sink* in the meantime. Here are a few of the figures gleaned from official (generally unprocurable) East German statistics. Consumption of beef and veal in 1962 fell by 4.3 percent, compared to 1961. It is scheduled to drop by a further 2.3 percent this year. Consumption of pork dropped by 5.5 percent last year and will drop by a further 3.7 percent in 1963. Milk consumption was down by three percent in 1962 and will be down by another one percent.

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Otherwise, one would hardly trouble oneself with the thought that the average weight of beef cattle dropped in the first nine months of last year by seven percent, and the milk-yield per cow by eleven percent. These figures may not look significant. But it should be remembered that food is already in short supply. Shortages have already become the principal source of industrial unrest. There have been sit-down strikes in the factories, and even in the schools. The morale of the industrial workers is declining – and they have now been told to expect both wage-cuts and some higher prices. The experiment of total collectivization of the land has failed almost everywhere (the exception is on the large, formerly feudal, estates where high expenditure on machinery is producing fair returns).

It was expected that Ulbricht would appeal at this Congress for greater solidarity within the Party. The question was whether he could offer any inducement for this purpose. The only inducement has not been economic but political – party members are to encourage "self-criticism" and minor party officials have been told that they must in future be more "human" and more understanding in dealings with their fellow-beings. They must, in fact, be prepared to explain party policies with patience and forbearance. This is something which they have never done in the past – for they have been a small minority enforcing official policies on the masses. That situation will not change. The demand for more self-criticism and greater patience with the mass of the people is eye-wash.

This is the essential story behind the East Berlin Congress. The West German reaction has been more than usually myopic. On January 17 the Lord Mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt, wanted to go to East Berlin to talk to Khrushchev. There is no man better able to explain to Khrushchev that Soviet policy in Germany is in a blind alley, that the Ulbricht regime can never create a "second German nationality," and that it will continue to be a liability to the Soviet Union. Brandt was prevented from going to East Berlin by the disapproval of Dr. Adenauer and by the active opposition of the Berlin Christian Democrats. A chance was lost, and for no valid reason whatever.

West German Apathy

Recent weeks have, indeed, been a succession of lost opportunities in West Germany. The Soviet leaders have been hinting that they might accept the presence of American, British and French garrisons in West Berlin, if these were officially designated as United Nations forces. Here is a chance of settling a tiresome, and potentially dangerous controversy, which originally concerned the retention of any Western troops in Berlin. A West German "attitude" on this proposal would be useful. But there is no attitude, no idea, no certain consideration of a formula which could save the faces of all four Great Powers.

Soviet leaders have also been indicating renewed interest in a modified "Rapacki Plan." It proposes the creation of a "nuclear-free zone" which would include both German states, Poland and Czechoslovakia. In the January issue of *International Affairs* (published by Chatham House in London) M. Adam Rapacki, the Polish Foreign Minister and the plan's author, has implied that conventional as well as nuclear armaments could be included in a phased disarmament in Central Europe. This revives the thought of Mr. Macmillan, that Central Europe could offer the terrain for a pilot-scheme in the field of equalizing, as well as reducing armaments. M. Adam Rapacki, in fact, moved one valuable step towards prototype disarmament in Central Europe. But the West Germans have not given this subject any thought whatever.

In recent weeks the Soviet leader's worsening relations with Communist China have been plain for all to see. Four years ago Dr. Adenauer foretold a Russo-Chinese rift (it is about his only truly successful prophecy in the field of international affairs, and was due to his having read a book by a German seer, Starlinger, who had something of Nostradamus's errant instinct). But in recent weeks Dr. Adenauer has done nothing to exploit the situation which he foresaw. He has not dimly visualized that this is the time to make a show of accommodation to the East German Republic, to propose closer trading relations with the Soviet Union, or to show goodwill towards Poland and Czechoslovokia.

The West German government has been talking for more than 18 months about creating closer relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia. It has debated the advisability of granting long-term credits to the East German Republic, for just over one year. It has done some hard thinking about bringing the Berlin question before the United Nations. But whenever any action was proposed, however diplomatic and discreet, it foundered on the essential flabbiness of West Germany governmental thinking. Invariably, nothing is done.

Nearly twenty years after the end of the war, the West German government has still not begun to produce proposals for the solution of the German problem. The Soviet Union may indeed be saddled with a shockingly inept satellite East German state, which it must support and subsidize, and which can probably never be given a decent national-communist backbone. But the Western Alliance should have the right to expect more from the democratic West German state. Instead, it is diplomatically impotent at a time when the economic and political bankruptcy of the East German Republic is being spelled out in abjectly clear terms.

Terence Prittie

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Experiment in Neutrality

Laos Since the Geneva Agreement

by Denis Warner

In many ways, though not at all in the way often suggested by Western participants, the Geneva Agreement on Laos last year was an accurate reflection of the internal situation brought about by the pressures of three years of war and semi-war. Behind a smokescreen of platitudes about the contribution the Agreement would make to the peace and security of Southeast Asia, we accepted the political and military realities of a discreditable situation. Nothing now stands in the way of Laos becoming a Communist State: but it cannot again become part of an anti-Communist group in Southeast Asia.

Even after the worst misuse of foreign aid had been eliminated in 1958 and foreign exchange manipulations largely came to an end, American aid not only failed to shore up anti-Communist defenses but even contributed to the moral elevation of the Pathet Lao. The commodity imports program, under which most American aid was channeled to Laos, gave to the towns an artificial standard of living which was beyond the capacity of the country to sustain. Far from helping the Laotian villages, it caused the abandonment of handicraft industries, and, by promoting a desire to get rich quickly, destroyed the traditional concept of service which the Laotians had learned to expect from those in positions of trust and responsibility. Just as every male Lao at some time or other shaved his head and his eyebrows, discarded his clothes for the yellow robes of a Buddhist monk and depended for a period of three months on food placed in his alms-bowl while he attended to the needs of his temple and village, the 20 leading families of Laos customarily devoted their lives to service. Ostentation and the accumulation of wealth used to be the short-cut to exile by the Court at Luang Prabang.

Some of the old families got in for their cut of the American melon, but the principal effect of the aid program was to create a *nouveau riche* elite, which had no interest in any sort of service and was concerned only with its own enrichment and pleasure. The anti-Communist forces became associated with corruption and the Pathet Lao profited by contrast. General Phoumi Nosavan, the right-wing leader, says that in all of Laos there are no more than 200 Communists, a figure no one disputes. The Communists did not win: the anti-Communists were self-defeating.

From the first "battle" for Sam Neua in 1959 to the last scandalous and panic-stricken flight from Nam Tha in 1962, the right-wing forces did not fight. "It is impossible to exaggerate the ineptitude – and often the cowardice – of the Royal Lao Army," wrote a Western military attaché in a report to his government at the time of Phoumi's capture of Vientiane in 1960. The comment was fair and accurate. It was under these circumstances and against this background that the West sat down at the Geneva conference table along with the Communists and Laos' interested neighbors. There was plenty of bargaining, of course: but the essential decisions were the withdrawal of Laos from under the SEATO umbrella and the implied recognition that the neutrality envisaged for it did not preclude the eventual take-over by a Communist form of government. Laos was merely required not to conclude any military alliance, or any agreement, military or other, prejudicial to its neutrality, not to allow any foreign bases on its territory and to require the withdrawal of all foreign troops.

Peking, Hanoi and Prince Souphanouvong, the Pathet Lao leader, all claimed the Geneva conference as a victory. Today, Laotian officials visiting, or passing through, Peking are received and looked after by the Second Asian Affairs Department of the Foreign Ministry, which handles Chinese relations with the Asian Communist States, Outer Mongolia, North Vietnam and North Korea, and not by the First Asian Affairs Department which is in charge of Chinese relations with non-Communist countries such as Ceylon, Nepal and Afghanistan. Non-Communist Laotians who first received this treatment were not without their apprehensions, which were not removed by the appointment as chargé d'affaires in Vientiane of Liu Chun, a high party official, specializing in minority problems, especially the minorities of southern China.

Prince Souvanna Phouma returned to Laos at the beginning of August to take over the direction of his Communist, neutralist and Rightist troika. Phoumi Nosavan, pleading the excuse of a forthcoming Royal

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wedding at Luang Prabang, absented himself from the reception at the airport. Almost everyone else was there, however, including the ambassadors from Nationalist China, the South Vietnamese chargé d'affaires and the chargés d'affaires from Communist China and North Vietnam, neither of whom had presented their credentials to the King.

As the diplomats lined up to greet Souvanna, Red China's Liu Chun pushed out of line, and, ignoring the protests of the Laotian protocol officer, took his place alongside the Soviet ambassador. Then, as Souvanna approached Dr. Han, the Chinese Nationalist Ambassador, Liu Chun, again broke out of line. Stepping between Dr. Han and Souvanna he demanded an explanation for the presence of the Taiwan representative. To the Laotians, who value courtesy and good manners, this was abominable behavior. And they had their revenge. As the official cars began to leave the airport, the Laotian security officers under the direction of General Bounthieng requested both the Chinese Communists and the North Vietnamese to remove their national pennants from their cars. Both were informed that they could fly the pennants only after their credentials had been accepted by the King. They rejected the order and for more than two hours, while the rest of Vientiane had lunch and began its siesta, the Communists fumed in the sun at the airport. Once, when General Bounthieng was beginning to have some doubts, Liu Chun said that China, a nation of 650 million people, was not going to be told what to do by two million Laotians. Even Souphanouvong, who had been acting Prime Minister in Souvanna Phouma's absence, was angered by this and personally ordered that the offending Communists should be required to remove the pennants. Eventually, however, Souvanna Phouma in character suggested a compromise: the cars could proceed to the delegates' homes with the pennants but would not be permitted to fly them again until after they had presented their credentials.

This Lao half-triumph was short-lived. Soon Liu Chun, who is president of the Central Nationalities College and also a member of the United Front Work Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, presented his credentials. The Nationalist Chinese packed their bags and left. They were quickly followed by the South Vietnamese.

That Prince Souvanna Phouma's qualities of leadership would be tested by the unruly nature of his Communist, Rightist and neutralist coalition was always apparent. Each of the three groups had the right of veto over all decisions of major importance, which, in turn, threatened to destroy the government by stagnation. When Souvanna, who was honestly concerned to make an effort to make Laos as nearly neutralist as the circumstances would permit, took the initiative he ran into immediate difficulties. His appeal to the National Assembly for full powers for 12 months angered the Pathet Lao, which had refused to acknowledge the assembly as a constitutionally elected body. By threatening to resign if the Right and Left continued to stand in the way of the integration of the armed forces and other stabilizing measures, however, Souvanna maintained his uneasy hold over the factions only to find divisive tendencies beginning to creep into his own neutralist ranks. With a delightful touch of Laotian irony, General Phoumi Nosavan, who had for so long and so vituperatively been denounced as an American running dog, was sent off to Peking and Moscow for a goodwill visit, while his deputy, Ngon Sannanikone, agreed to the reorganization and integration of the armed forces. The reorganized army, if this agreement is ever implemented, will consist of 30,000 men, made up of 10,000 from each of the factions. This means, in effect, that the neutralist forces will gain slightly in strength, the Pathet Lao will be slightly reduced and 50,000 members of Phoumi's army will be demobilized.

To Phoumi, who lacks any direct family following and whose only real strength was the loyalty of his subordinate Army commanders, this is another in a series of major blows from which he is unlikely to recover – at least as a Rightist leader. There are many who feel, however, that he could accommodate himself to a much different sort of political role. Peking produced the red carpet for him in December and Phoumi gave every impression of delight. Chou En-lai, Chen Yi and Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien all received him. He went back to Vientiane with a $7 million Russian trade-and-aid agreement and the promise of Chinese aid, largely unspecified, but including the construction of a road from southern China into Nam Tha. The French who know Phoumi well have always accused him of being an opportunist. They say he began life as a river pirate and is quite capable of an expedient political change.

So far as the Communists are concerned, Phoumi may prove more malleable than Souvanna Phouma. Souvanna is weak, but he is a man who accepted the prime ministership with full knowledge of the difficulties, but determined, if he could, to hold Laos together.

The shooting down of an American plane over the Plain of Jars on November 27 was symptomatic of his difficulties. The original assumption that the plane was shot down by the Pathet Lao proved incorrect. According to Souvanna, "dissident neutralist elements," who did not approve of his decision to use American aid to deliver supplies to his troops, were responsible. At the same time, other neutralist groups were distressed over the failure of many Viet Minh troops to withdraw from Laos. Although some Viet Minh forces were withdrawn, at least several thousand are believed to remain. These include several small regular Viet Minh units and cadres scattered through the Pathet Lao forces. The continued use of these well-trained, disciplined troops and the

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quite obvious determination on the part of the Pathet Lao to retain areas they controlled before the Geneva Agreement is a matter of considerable concern. Souvanna, who has always been more of a symbol than a practicing politician, found his essential center base undermined by this Right and Left fragmentation.

Meanwhile, the Pathet Lao went quietly about the task of mopping up isolated posts of Meo tribesmen who had been trained, paid and equipped by the US White Star teams. The Meo had two great values to the anti-Communist forces before Geneva. They were the only real fighters in Phoumi's army and their wide distribution in pockets through the Laotian mountains provided excellent opportunities to match the Pathet Lao's own guerrilla tactics. Cut off from this support now, the Meos are paying dearly for their anti-Communist stand.

"This is a Comic Opera"

Given a hundred thousand troops and all the helicopters they needed, the Indian, Polish and Canadian International Control Commission, which acts as the watchdog over the Geneva Agreement, would find it next to impossible to carry out its supervisory tasks. With limited men, and even more limited means of communication, divided ideologically, and lacking any authority, its task is hopeless. It scarcely even pretends to do a job. Thus, on November 15, when the Canadian member lodged a complaint that Viet Minh troops were remaining in the country in violation of the Geneva Agreement, the commission decided only to shelve the complaint. I asked a Polish member of the Commission how he felt the arrangements set up by Geneva would work. "Work," he repeated. "They cannot possibly work. This is a comic opera, not a government."

The critical areas east of the Sekong River, where a tribal chief named Sithone has held undisputed sway since 1951, remain off limits to all but the Pathet Lao and their friends. This is the Laotian section of the Ho Chi Minh trail, a wild, sparsely populated region, and, if Saigon's intelligence reports are accurate, the headquarters of the central committee of the National Liberation Front for South Vietnam. Sam Neua, where the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party has its headquarters, is also forbidden territory.

Western diplomats in Laos are divided into two camps. There are those who believe that the Geneva Agreement was about the best we could hope for in a bad business, and those who regard it as a Southeast Asian Munich. The former are confident that Averell Harriman sought and received from the Russians the most specific assurances that the Ho Chi Minh trail would not be used to supply the Viet Cong after the Geneva Agreement. The second group is contemptuous of this explanation. Even if the Russians had given such an undertaking, they say, what possible assurance is there that they are in a position to honor it? Peking is not bound by any such gentleman's agreement, and Peking's word is the word that counts in North Vietnam and among the Pathet Lao these days.

Six months by Laotian standards is not a long time, and it may be too early to denounce the Geneva Agreement on the basis of the continued Viet Minh presence in Laos and the continued flow of men and materials along the Ho Chi Minh trail. At the same time, it would be unwise to ignore the Communist attitudes. Geneva, as they see it, was the "great political victory" that followed the "big military success." In the short term, the prospects are that things will drift on in the usual Laotian manner. Somewhere in the not-to-distant future, though not this year, there will be elections. Given more than a year to prepare, the Rightists and the neutralists should be capable of creating effective political organizations; but they have given no signs of such a capability yet. Before he took off for Peking and Moscow, Phoumi was much impressed by the idea of a cadre party and did not believe that a mass base was possible. Souvanna, who has been much out of the country and is now more than preoccupied with the day-to-day problems of running the government, has not really got off the ground with his neutralist party. Souphanouvong's Neo Lao Hak Xat Party is the only truly nationwide political organization. Its stature has been enhanced by its diplomatic and military victories. In comparison with the discredited right-wing it seems lily white to many Laotians. Though its Viet Minh and Chinese associations are undoubtedly a cause for suspicion among many Laotians, the indications are that it will emerge as the dominant political party and that Laos, the Geneva Agreement notwithstanding, will one day pass under the control of a government which will look to, and be powerfully influenced by, its Communist neighbors. Laos will be neutral on the Communist side; just as Austria is neutral but is in every way short of military alliance, with the West.

How much this will matter to the rest of Southeast Asia depends on the use the West and its regional allies make of their time. A vigorous down-to-earth campaign devoted to community development in northeastern Thailand might destroy the nests of Communist termites already active there. Almost everyone in the region now realizes that the problem is primarily economic and social, and military only in its final expression – when it is often too late to find the answer. Unfortunately, intention and action do not always keep pace in Thailand, while in South Vietnam nothing about the political situation suggests that Ngo Dinh Diem is ready, or willing, to make the concessions that might rally the people to his side. In short, the battle for Southeast Asia unfolds slowly, but rarely in a way that reflects much credit on our policies.

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Gleb Struve

After the Coffee-Break

In the first of a series of articles on the Soviet cultural thaw, Mr. Struve discusses the literary situation. Next week Abraham Brumberg will report on Mr. Khrushchev's revolt against non-representational painting.

In the last three months a number of incidents once more drew the attention of the outside world to the literary scene in the Soviet Union. Evtushenko's poem denouncing "Stalin's heirs" and survivals of Stalinism, published on October 19 in *Pravda*, with Khrushchev's explicit blessing; the story by Alexander Solzhenitsyn about everyday life in Soviet labor camps in the November issue of *Novy Mir*, the magazine edited by Tvardovsky and regarded as the spearhead of Soviet "liberalism"; Khrushchev's visit, at the beginning of December, to the retrospective exhibition of Moscow artists, and his violent outburst against "abstract art"; and Leonid Ilyichev's long speech at the subsequent meeting between the government and the leading representatives of arts and letters – such were the principal landmarks in this latest zig and zag of Soviet cultural policies. Someone in Moscow has already labeled the period falling in between the publication of Evtushenko's and Solzhenitsyn's pieces, on the one hand, and Khrushchev's "eruption," on the other, as *perekur* (literally, "a smoking break," but "a coffee break" may be a closer idiomatic equivalent). Whether this label, so far only privately used, will stick as did "the thaw," coined and popularized by Ehrenburg, remains to be seen in the future.

All the information coming from Moscow seems to indicate that after the publication of Evtushenko's poem and especially of Solzhenitsyn's story (there is a great difference between them, as I shall try to show), hopes ran high among the liberal-minded elements of the Soviet literary community that a further relaxation of cultural policies was in the offing (there can be no doubt that a clearcut division, among Soviet men of letters, into "liberals" and "reactionaries" exists today, the reactionaries being commonly known as "the Black Hundred." There are, however, reasons to suspect that to some extent this division is fostered by the government for its own ends; it enables the Party to alternate its pulls and brakes).

At the meeing between the members of the government and the Soviet literary and artistic elite on December 17, the Party spokesman, Leonid Ilyichev, crossed all the t's and dotted all the i's. He made it clear that the Party still expected the writers to hew the line of Socialist realism. While denouncing the evils of the cult of Stalin (the earlier anonymous formula referring to the "cult of personality" has now been "personalized"), he appealed to the authority of Lenin to reassert the Party's "guidance" of literature. Some passages in his speech brought back memories of the anti-Westernist campaign of the late forties. He fulminated against the decadent art of the bourgeois West. He castigated Alexander Esenin-Volpin for publishing his book of poems and philosophical essays outside Russia, called him "a dead-beat" (*prokhodimets*), "a rotten poisonous fungus," etc.

There was, however, a difference from the Stalin-Zhdanov times: the recalcitrant artists and writers (among them Ilya Ehrenburg) were apparently allowed to have their say. But what they said was not reported in the press.

By the end of December, reports from Moscow spoke of another "big freeze." But the zigzaggy nature of Khrushchev's cultural policy (it had, of course, been zigzaggy under Stalin, too) was once more illustrated when, at the height of this freeze, a meeting was held in Moscow to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the birth of Marina Tsvetaeva, a brilliant *avant-garde* poet, who, after 17 years of life in exile in Czechoslvakia and France, had gone back to Russia in 1939 and two years later hanged herself. Her death was not even reported in Russia until 1956 when some of her poems were published in *Literary Moscow*, with a warm introduction by Ehrenburg who had known her quite well. This introduction was to serve as a preface to the announced volume of Tsevtaeva's selected poetry. But in the aftermath of the 1956 "Thaw," during the attacks on *Literary Moscow*, Ehrenburg's article became one of the principal targets. He was accused of overdoing the "rehabilitation" of Tsvetaeva, the latter was

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denounced, with Pasternak, Mandelstam, Khlebnikov and Audrey Bely, as one of those poets who had a "dangerous" appeal to the young generation, and the promised volume of her poetry was not published. It made its belated appearance in 1961 – minus, however, Ehrenburg's promised introduction, for which that of a more or less orthodox literary scholar was substituted. But at the December meeting in Moscow Ehrenburg was the main speaker, and among the tributes paid to Tsvetaeva were two poems written by Boris Pasternak after her suicide and first published in the recent University of Michigan three-volume edition of the poet's Collected Works. Although the meeting for Tsvetaeva was organized by the Union of Soviet Writers, *Literary Gazette*, the Union's official organ, allotted only 12 lines of small print to it. Pasternak's name was not mentioned in that report.

Khrushchev the Liberator

To what extent were "liberal" hopes – based on the publication of Evtushenko's and Solzhenitsyn's pieces – justified? It is, I think, first of all necessary to draw a sharp distinction between Evtushenko's poem and Solzhenitsyn's story. Evtushenko is one of the recent minor additions to the already rich realm of Soviet mythology. Though certainly not devoid of poetic talent and vitality, he has been greatly overpraised and overrated as a poet, while his reputation as the Soviet equivalent of an Angry Young Man is the combined result of carefully directed Communist publicity and naïve wishful thinking, so widespread in the free world. His poem about "Stalin's heirs" is just another specimen of that new "social command" which marked in literature the latest phase of de-Stalinization decreed by Khrushchev at the 22nd Party Congress. A further debunking of Stalin and an exposure of the worst evils of his regime, of which Khrushchev himself was an active accomplice, is needed by Khrushchev to enhance his own prestige and create an image of himself as a kind of "liberator."

A good example of an earlier response to this new "social command" was the novel *Tishina (Stillness)* by the young writer Yury Bondarev, serialized in *Novy Mir* between April and June, 1962. The novel is set in the immediate post-World War II period. Its main characters are some young Soviet officers who return from the ordeals of war to civilian life and become students. The picture of the period, the portrayal of characters, of their psychology, their moods, contrasts sharply with the novels produced in the Zhdanov era. It is a picture presented not only from the post-Stalin, but also from the anti-Stalin angle. True enough, Stalin himself is not even mentioned: Bondarev still uses the pseudonymous cloak of the "cult of personality"; when any names are introduced they are those of Stalin's henchmen, who are made the main scapegoats. It is not difficult to imagine, however, that had Bondarev's novel appeared a few months later, he would not have lagged behind Evtushenko in his denunciation of Stalin.

As a work of literature, Bondarev's *Stillness* is entirely within the tradition of socialist realism. In fact, it is very much its *dernier cri*. The central episode of the novel concerns the arrest of the hero's father as an "enemy of the people." The description of the house search carried out by Beria's secret police is graphic and effective. There is also a vivid scene in which the hero is being questioned by the Party group at his Institute and expelled from the Party for not informing the group about his father's arrest. There is no reason to doubt Bondarev's personal sincerity, though in his attempt to "devarnish" the reality he seems to lay it on rather thick. When one reads of his hero's brave and uncompromising stand in the face of his "judges," and of the unspoken but clearly felt sympathy of his fellow students and even some of his judges, one suspects him of reading post-Stalin attitudes into the 1949-50 situation. Vivid though some of the scenes and episodes in the novel are, it is unconvincing overall, its would-be Communist villian remains a shadow, and its ending is inconclusive and lame.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day of Ivan Denisovich* is a totally different matter. In the space of 60 pages or so it recounts, at a rather slow, leisurely pace, with a wealth of graphic detail, one typical day – out of the total 3,653 (the three extra days accruing from the leap years) – in the life of an ordinary inmate of a Soviet labor camp toward the mid-Fifties. Underlying it is supposed to be the experience of the author himself, a teacher of mathematics and a Red Army officer during World War II. But the story is not told in the name of the author. Ivan Denisovich Shukhov, the protagonist of the story, is a peasant from a poor collective farm somewhere in Russia. During the war he is taken prisoner of the Germans. On his return he is tried as a spy, accused of treason and sentenced to 10 years of forced labor. From the story we learn that there were many such "spies" among the inmates of Soviet camps. Shukhov admits to the examining magistrate the fantastic charge of having returned to Russia to carry out an assignment of the enemy, but when it comes to specifying this assignment both his and the examining magistrates imagination balks at it, and the assignment is left unspecified – just "an assignment." Shukhov spends the first eight-years of his sentence in timber camps in the North, and we learn something of his life there from brief flashbacks in the story. But the action of the story is laid in another group – presumably in Kazakhstan – a "special" convict camp to which Ivan Denisovich is transferred in the ninth year.

The story is told nominally in the third person. There are in it a number of vividly portrayed characters, fel-

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low inmates of Ivan Denisovich's – a naval captain, a film operator who knew Eisenstein, a young Baptist with whom Ivan Denisovich has a very interesting conversation about God and religion, a brigadier who was expelled from the army as the son of a kulak, a deaf peasant who during the war ran away three times from captivity; some Latvians and Estonians. They are all portrayed with a sure touch, their speech highly indivualized. We see everything through the mind of this simple, honest, hardworking peasant, who loves work, despises easy money (there is a very interesting sidelight on the possiblity of making easy money in the Soviet Union in the account of the village carpet-makers, told very effectively in the give-and-take of Shukhov's wife's letter to him and his thoughts on it, without either the one or the other being "quoted"), and more or less goodhumoredly adjusts himself to his plight, with all his thoughts bent on "surviving" until his sentence expires. It is strongly spiced with bits of camp slang, for which even a Russian may need a special glossary. It is quite unlike the pedestrian manner and the often emasculated language of the run-of-the-mill socialist realism writers. The author has no hesitation in using either dialecticisms or coarse words, of the type which Sholkhov was forced to prune from his *Quiet Don* when he revised the work just before Stalin's death.

For the Westerner who has read many first-hand accounts of Soviet labor camps there are no revelations in Solzhenitsyn's story. It merely confirms – and does so with great artistic effectiveness – what was long known. Nor was it probably new to a great many Soviet readers: even among the Soviet intelligentsia there are a number of people who went through all this. What was new was the chance of reading it in a well-known Soviet magazine and of discussing it freely. Private reports from Moscow say that the entire "liberal" faction of Soviet literary community has hailed the story as a symbol and a hopeful omen. So far, however, there have been very few reactions in print. One of the first was an article by Konstantin Simonov in *Izvestia* (November 18). Coming from Simonov, a noted timeserver, an active participant in the Zhdanov campaign against "rootless cosmopolitans," many of the things he said must have sounded as somewhat hypocritical. He welcomed the story as the final and incontrovertible revelation of the "black and bitter truth" about the iniquities of Stalin's reign of terror. It is significant, however, that Solzhenitsyn himself never mentions Stalin by name (one of the characters on one occasion refers to "the big mustachio'd one"); nor are there any hackneyed references to the "cult of personality." But, scattered here and there throughout the story, are remarks and observations which may make a thoughtful reader question some of the basic premises of the Communist experiment and of the Soviet regime.

Whether Khrushchev's surprising permissiveness with regard to Solzhenitsyn will give rise to a new crop of works exposing the evils of Stalinism is difficut to say. Two more of Solzhenitsyn's stories were to appear in the January issue of *Novy Mir;* one of them is about collective farms and is reported to be extremely "crude." It is possible that this "expository" line will be continued in literature and will run parallel with the clamping-down on avant-garde trends. Those who represent the latter will probably once more go underground, and their work will reach the outside world through clandestine channels. The emergence of this clandestine literature is one of the most interesting things about the Soviet literary scene since 1957, but this is another story.

Reapportionment and the Courts

by Malcolm E. Jewell

The decision of the Supreme Court last March in *Baker v Carr*, opened the way to judicial review of state legislative apportionment and made possible, but not inevitable, a major change in the balance of power in American states. The Court declared that malapportionment in the states may be so "invidious" as to constitute a violation of the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. But the Court provided no definition of invidious discrimination; it set no guidelines for the lower courts to follow. Since the decision, the lower courts, both federal and state, have acted more swiftly than many had expected. Lawsuits have been filed in at least 35 states, and in 18 states there have been judicial decisions holding the existing legis-

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lative apportionment of one or both houses invalid. In Alabama, Maryland and Tennessee the action was taken in time to affect the 1962 elections.

But although the courts have acted swiftly and in many states have forced quick action by the legislatures, they have not acted with unanimity. Three paramount questions remain unanswered: How much equality in apportionment is required by the equal protection clause? Do the same standards of equality apply to both houses of a state legislature? Will the courts accept the judgment of the voters concerning apportionment? The Supreme Court will have the opportunity to provide answers to these questions, if it chooses, since each of these issues is involved in one or more of the cases already appealed to the Court from Virginia, New York, Alabama, Maryland and Michigan.

The Supreme Court did not require that legislative apportionment be based exactly on population, and the concurring opinions of Justices Clark and Douglas explicitly stated that mathematical equality is not necessary. Lower courts have varied widely in trying to set standards. Courts in Tennessee, Oklahoma, Vermont and Virginia, for example, demanded greater equality than did the courts in Florida and New York. In November, a federal court invalidated the Virginia apportionment enacted in April which had increased urban representation but left disparities of 2.5 to 1 in the Senate and more than 4 to 1 in the House. Last August a federal court upheld the apportionment provisions in the New York constitution even though these have produced disparities up to 14 to 1 and have effectively guaranteed Republican control of the state legislature. These two contrasting decisions have both been appealed to the Supreme Court, and Justice Warren has granted a stay in the Virginia case.

The courts are unlikely to agree on mathematical standards, in part because they believe that other factors are relevant, factors that may be summed up in the favorite judicial phrase – a "rational" system. The court in New York believed that the apportionment formula there is well adapted to the needs of New York because it balances factors of population, area, accessibility and character of interest of the districts. But judicial standards of rationality differ ultimately, the Supreme Court will probably have to establish some mathematical limits to inequality in order to prevent judicial confusion and contradictions.

The most serious contradiction emerging from lower court opinions to date involves the question of whether the equal protection clause applies to one or both houses of the legislature. The Virginia case is one of several in which the lower court has insisted on "substantial equality" in both houses. Likewise, the federal court in Alabama determined that population must be used to some extent as the basis for apportionment in both houses. The court ordered into effect certain portions of a package plan adopted by the Alabama legislature in response to judicial pressure, but it rejected one part which would have allotted a single Senator to each county, varying in population from 11,000 to 634,000. This decision has also been appealed to the Supreme Court.

By contrast, the Maryland Court of Appeals has upheld a decision by Circuit Court Judge O. Bowie Duckett, who argued that a geographical base for apportionment in one house is not only permissible but is an essential part of the system of checks and balances, an important ingredient in a republican form of government, and a vital protection to minorities. The Judge ordered reapportionment of the House, which has now been accomplished, but the Senate remains unchanged pending an appeal to the Supreme Court.

In July, the Michigan Supreme Court, in a 4 to 3 decision along party lines, ruled that the apportionment system in the Senate, which is weighted heavily in favor of rural areas, violated the Fourteenth Amendment. The Democratic majority ordered reapportionment within a month, but Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart stayed the decision pending review by the Supreme Court. His comments during the hearing indicated a belief that a state could use some bases other than population alone for apportioning one house of the legislature.

The term "federal plan" is often used for an apportionment system based on population in one house and geography in the other. Its proponents argue that the method used for apportioning Congress should be good enough for the states, but the Congressional analogy is specious because the states are not federations of counties. Moreover, such a system at the state level is designed to discriminate against urban areas and results in legislative deadlock and frequently divided partisan control of the two houses. This is neither the purpose nor the result of the apportionment plan for the US Senate and House.

The Michigan case also raises the question of whether the courts should try to interpret or ignore the mandate of the voters. The present Senate apportionment plan was approved by Michigan voters in 1952 in preference to a population plan. If the Court does not act soon, it may face the further problem of interpreting the meaning of the Michigan voters' decision concerning a new constitution to be voted on April, which contains only limited revisions in Senate apportionment along with many other controversial changes in the constitution. If the courts try to interpret the meaning of the voters' actions in such a case, they will be embarking in a venture for which the pollsters are better suited. The federal judges in New York, however, speculated that the voters in that state did not want reapportionment because in 1957 they rejected a proposed constitutional convention that

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might, *among other things* have acted on reapportionment. There has been no uniformity of judicial behavior on this point. The Federal court approved a Florida reapportionment subject to popular approval, and the voters disapproved. But in Alabama the court ordered reapportionment to take effect before the voters could act on the legislature's plan.

The fundamental argument against judicial reliance on the popular will is that the Fourteenth Amendment applies to minorities as well as majorities. In fact it has been traditionally used by the courts to protect minorities. Under-representation of urban counties is no less a denial of "equal protection" simply because a minority of voters live in the urban counties.

This babel of lower court decisions has provided few guidelines for the legislatures that will meet this year. The time is ripe for a decision from the US Supreme Court that will give answers at least to these major questions. If the Court fails to provide some mathematical definition of rationality, the legislatures will be encouraged to provide a bare minimum of reapportionment. If the Court accepts the principle of the federal plan, it will encourage political deadlock in the states and largely negate the effect of its original decision. If the Court tolerates inequalities because of explicit or implicit approval by the voters, it will be emasculating the principle of equal protection of the law by applying it only to majorities. The logic of the March, 1962, decision, rooted as it is in the equal protection clause, seems to require that substantial equality of representation should apply to every legislative body in all states.

Pennsylvania Avenue Politics

by Rowland Evans, Jr.

Clarence Cannon of Missouri, the dour, autocratic chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, is impervious to Presidential blandishment. During the foreign aid fight last year he even refused to take a phone call from President Kennedy. He said he would try to return the call later. He never did. Cannon is also insensitive to pressure from his own leaders in the House, who can give him nothing he does not already have. Pork seldom slips through his 50-man committee without his specific approval. Members of the House come to him for favors, not vice versa.

Last fall, just before Congress adjourned, Cannon and Speaker John McCormack had a blow-up. Cannon said some very nasty things to McCormack. Re-election failed to soften Mr. Cannon. As January 9, the day of the vital Rules Committee vote approached, it was evident that McCormack was not going to get Cannon's vote.

Now there is one way, and only one, to persuade Cannon of the error of his ways, (or, to put it more accurately, to pressure him into voting the way he doesn't want to vote). Fred Heinkel, the head of the Missouri Farmers Association, has a strange and wonderful power over Cannon, for the same reason that Walter Reuther has power over the big-city Democrats of Michigan. Cannon needs the votes of the men who farm the lush Mississippi River bottom lands in Missouri's Ninth District, and these farmers look to Mr. Heinkel to keep them informed about their representative in Washington.

The White House and the Democratic leaders in the House decided that the importance of the Rules vote justified a rare telephone call for help to Mr. Heinkel. Unfortunately it didn't work in this particular case because Mr. Heinkel had just left for Florida on a long motor tour and couldn't be located. As a result, Mr. Cannon was one of the two non-Southern Democrats who switched from 1961 (when he supported the enlargement of the Rules Committee) and voted against it this year.

The country is full of Mr. Heinkels and, on one issue or another, Congress is full of Cannons. As Congress's power of self-propulsion has declined, and as special interest lobbies have grown, the White House has had no choice but to exploit all the country's Mr. Heinkels. Tucked away in the White House is a large loose-leaf notebook bulging with intelligence about Congressman: when did Senator White last see the President and what about? How important to Congressman Brown is the water project, federal building or highway he wants to have "cleared" by the White House? Who is the most influential citizen or pressure group in Congressman Gray's district? Under what cir-

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cumstances will he use his influence to persuade Congressman Gray to vote for the President on a New Frontier program?

Every President since George Washington has had to work to build Congressional majorities for his program. But none in recent times has brought the art of Pennsylvania Avenue politics to such a plateau of efficiency as President Kennedy. His agent in this fascinating business is Lawrence F. O'Brien, an authentic genius in political organization. O'Brien has a four-man staff which discreetly roams Capitol Hill calling on committee chairmen, discussing controversial points of a bill, holding hands with disappointed members whose pet projects are in trouble, and engaging in public relations gimmicks. Complaints of members are handled with soothing explanations at whatever level seems appropriate.

The O'Brien men seldom do business directly with Republicans, and they never advertise their work with their own Democrats. It is all done quietly, behind the scenes, with an occasional ride down the river in one of the Presidential yachts for members and their wives, an occasional Sunday "brunch" party in O'Brien's small Georgetown house, and other pleasant kinds of socializing.

In Roosevelt's day, Tommy Corcoran and other White House whiz kids warmed up the men of Congress on an ad hoc basis. President Truman was the first modern President who assigned a man specifically to handle his liaison with Congress. General Eisenhower took the modest Truman beginning and magnified its effectiveness tenfold. He started with Gen. Wilton B. Persons as his chief legislative liaison man. Persons was regarded as the cleverest Pentagon lobbyist in the business, and he did so well for Eisenhower that the President finally brought him into the White House as his chief of staff. Bryce Harlow, who had been the Republican adviser to the House Armed Services Committee, succeeded General Persons and brought the art of persuasion to its highest point.

Persons and Harlow had had long experience with Congress before they became Presidential assistants. O'Brien, on the other hand, had only the briefest stint on Capitol Hill, working for Congressman (later Governor) Foster Furcolo in 1949 and 1950. O'Brien was a stranger to Congress when President Kennedy put him in charge of Congressional relations in January, 1961. But O'Brien's background was infinitely broader than Persons' or Harlow's. He didn't know all the Congressmen but he knew all the Democratic state chairmen, the national committeemen, the major contributors to the 1960 campaign and the dominant political and economic interests of many of the 50 states. It was O'Brien who put together the votes for Kennedy at the 1960 Los Angeles convention.

During the maneuvering over the size of the Rules Committee, O'Brien stayed in the background. This was a house-keeping matter for the House of Representatives, not a legislative bill. President Kennedy, however, dramatized the issue on December 18, when he darkly predicted that his whole program would be "emasculated" if the Rules Committee was not kept at 15 members. Then too, on January 4, a meeting of second-echelon Administration officials, most of them picked because of their business connections, was held in the White House to explain the President's commitment in the Rules fight. The meeting's purpose was to persuade friendly businessmen back home to ask Republican Congressmen to vote for a 15-man committee. Presumably as a result of this routine but confidential meeting, a Midwestern Republican received a call from a leading banker, who said he had been asked by the White House to enlist the Congressman's support. The Congressman said thanks, but he had already decided to vote against the President. A prominent New England publisher telephoned his Congressman, a Republican, with the same advice. Another Republican was surprised one day just before the vote when a former student of his who is now an official in the Administration asked for a 20-minute appointment. The subject: the Rules Committee, of course.

As for the Democrats, no holds were barred. Speaker McCormack, with obvious White House approval, postponed filling the two vacancies on the Ways and Means Committee until after the vote. To give Rep. Phil Landrum a stronger bargaining position, the entire Georgia delegation voted with McCormack and the President to enlarge the Rules Committee. As it turned out, their efforts were in vain. Another Southern Democrat who was pushing his own candidate for a vacant federal judgeship on the US District Court supported the President, reversing his position of two years ago. Will this Congressman now be in a position to demand that his man be named federal judge? No decision has been made, but certainly his bargaining position was enhanced by his vote on the Rules Committee. Thus, the Democratic leaders and the White House called in their political IOU's and rolled up a 39-vote of victory.

On most votes in the House, when the Republicans, the committed Kennedy Democrats and the committed anti-Kennedy Democrats are subtracted, what remains is a pool of uncommitted Democrats ranging from 75 to 125. The hard work of persuasion is concentrated on this pool and no bargaining maneuver is overlooked. What this really requires of O'Brien and his aids is the perspicacity to view the political world through the eyes of the uncommitted Congressmen and to discover as much about their self-interest as they know themselves. This is O'Brien's exceptional talent. His job is to get the President's program through Congress, and he knows that majorities are made, not found.

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Apostle to the Cabinet

by Asher Brynes

It's characteristic of the mixed up state of American farm politics that the only persistently unfriendly member of the Senate Agriculture Committee who, in the preliminary hearing on Ezra Taft Benson's qualifications for appointment as Secretary of Agriculture, quizzed him unmercifully and refused to vote for his confirmation was a Republican like himself, but from a wheat-producing area. And from that moment, as he records it in this relaxed chronicle of his griefs in office, brickbats never stopped flying his way. "My hide," he says retrospectively, "is no thicker than anyone else's, and I do not like to fight continuously." The remark comes just in the nick of time. Most readers would find it hard to shed the conclusion, without express word from Ezra Benson himself, that like a latter-day Daniel he enjoyed hearing those profane beasts roar.

Cross Fire
by Ezra Taft Benson
(Doubleday; $6.95)

All eight years of his official life he was in one scrape after another; a taste for political hellfire and brimstone continues to flavor his career. Ezra and his boy Reed Benson have openly joined the radical right. The latter revisited Washington a few weeks ago as a missionary of the John Birch Society; and the erstwhile Secretary of Agriculture has become chairman of We, the People!, a similar movement devoted to activities of an overt or *agitprop* rather than *conspiratorial* type.

He always had a tendency to overdramatize his doings:

> "Reed could see what I was trying to accomplish [at the Department of Agriculture] better than anyone else. While he would never accept employment in the Department... he gave untold hours of volunteer, devoted service to help me free agriculture and preserve our nation's liberties. He felt that the most good would be accomplished if I kept in the limelight while he worked quietly and effectively behind the scenes. Few people realized the righteous influence he carried with me. But this he believed was all the better because it enabled him to move more freely to do his work."

Such talk is a sample of Benson's right-minded left-handedness. People who understood this special relationship between the two, often visited the young man in order to invoke his righteous influence upon the latter; but they were Utah *farm* delegations which came to discuss farm matters. The probability is that Ezra thought what he told them was worth the cash money they had laid out on fares from Salt Lake City to Washington and return. As Sherman Adams said in his memoirs, "Benson, always difficult with politicians, ran his Department with little regard to any preferred status for Republican job applicants." The only notable effect of all this confabulation with his fellow-Mormons was that Benson found that he was being addressed too often as "Brother Benson" by members of his immediate staff. Most Republicans and Congressmen with farm constituencies stopped trying to see him altogether.

He opened his regime as the bishop of US agriculture by convening a sort of ecclesiastical council to assist him in drawing up a *General Statement on Agricultural Policy*. This he still considers so important that it is included as an appendix to *Cross Fire*. In it he ruled that:

> "Price supports should provide insurance against disaster to the farm-producing plant and help stabilize food supplies. But price supports which tend to prevent production shifts toward a balanced supply in terms of demand... and which result in continuing heavy surpluses and subsidies should be avoided."

The document was passed out to all present at his first press conference. Reporters asked him some 65 questions, to which he replied at great length. They filed their stories, and nothing happened.

Six days later the Secretary went out to St. Paul. There he began his speech before an audience of livestock and grain farmers in the standard way; first he praised them for their virtues, then he talked about their troubles (livestock prices had fallen sharply) and in a general way told them what the Department would do to help, subject to the ruling in his *General Statement* concerning price support policy. He concluded with a rousing appeal to their sense of righteousness!

> "We need a nationwide repentance to rid this land of corruption. We must have a fundamental return to the virtues that have made this nation great.... This nation does have a spiritual foundation.... God help us to raise our sights beyond the dollar sign."

He received an ovation in which the politicians present joined. Hundreds of people swarmed around him. The local newspaper was friendly. He left for Washington in the glow of a job well done and arrived to find he was being roasted in the capital. Farm-state Congressmen, particularly Southerners, were red hot. Said one, "God help the poor and working dirt farmers of this country." And another, "If this be the end of the Administration's honeymoon, so be it; it is far better to end the honeymoon than to end the farmer." And a third, "Benson is like a man standing on the bank of a river telling a drowning person that all he needs to do is take a deep breath of air."

To this day Benson professes he is

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puzzled by the scope and ferocity of the attack on his insistence that price-supports should provide insurance against disaster and, implicitly, be cut down or cut out if they cause the production of surplus crops. He might consider the fact that he addressed an audience in St. Paul largely composed of livestock men; these are among the wealthiest farmers; they have never wanted price supports over the long term, unlike wheat growers (consumers eat more beef when the price of meat goes down, but nobody thinks to help the wheat and feed grain people by buttering an extra slice of bread or tossing one more spoonful of cornflakes into the bowl when *those* prices fall). And the other part of the answer must have been the soporific effect of Benson's sententiousness: Farmers like to be told they are the salt of the earth. And finally we must not overlook the possibility that while local politicians in rural areas can dispense one kind of favor to farm votes, school bus or star (RFD) routes, jobs on highway maintenance and the like, rural politicians who are sent to Washington have a similar interest in the federal price support and soil conservation and fertilization programs.

Benson's reaction upon recovering from the shock of these criticisms was ominous of the troubles ahead. He leaned upon a group of friends who called themselves, for some reason he does not explain, *He-Coons*. Most were livestock people too, and none were residents of Washington. They probably told him on this occasion, as he says they did later on, that he should not budge because he was "a symbol of freedom and integrity which must not be sacrificed." In 1955 Senator Joseph McCarthy wrote to President Eisenhower that in keeping Benson the Administration was engaged in "open war against the farm community." Then McCarthy's successor, Senator Proxmire, telegraphed Eisenhower: "Respectfully but with great urgency I appeal to you to take immediate action to replace Ezra Taft Benson as Secretary of Agriculture . . . [his] unwise and unsound policies have brought many American farm families close to ruin." In 1957 eggs were thrown at Benson by some farmers at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. According to Sherman Adams, Benson mentioned the fact himself at the next Cabinet meeting in which farm problems were discussed, "without anger or embarrassment and with a kind and patient humility."

In the mid-fifties, John Foster Dulles collided with Benson over the disposition of the vast heap of surplus cotton in the nation's price-support stockpile. The prices paid to US cotton farmers, under law, were about a third above the world market; and since half the cotton grown is normally an export crop, the stuff was backing up in the warehouses and slowly turning yellow (despite what cotton politicians say, the staple *does* deteriorate in storage). Benson wanted to subsidize the sale of this cotton abroad by cutting the price to suit the world market. In practice this meant giving US exporters as well as growers of cotton a subsidy.

Dulles, solidly backed by his experts at the State Department, argued that the release of such a flood of cotton on the world market would have an immediate repercussion on the economies of Egypt and Pakistan, both important cotton producers in the Middle East, where Western influence had been shaken by the troubles over Suez and the Gaza Strip – and the SEATO organization (with Pakistan as the centerpiece) had just been born. The organization might come apart in the ensuing scuffle over Benson's cotton and, conceivably, oil shipments out of that area might be impeded or blocked. It seemed to Dulles that these stakes were far more important than the recovery of our cotton export markets.

After weeks of inconclusive discussion in the Cabinet, Benson came primed one day to announce he had set up his cotton-brokering program under an authority conferred on him somewhere in the labyrinth of farm legislation; he needed nobody's consent to do it his way so long as he was Secretary of Agriculture. The President refused to interfere; he went ahead. And nothing terrible happened.

Today the surplus cotton is piling up again and Benson's successor, Orville Freeman, has a similar problem on his hands which will, however, be harder to solve this time. Now US manufacturers of cotton textiles want to be able to buy the staple for the price it is sold in foreign markets – to their competitors.

Benson's mistakes, in retrospect, seem hardly as gross as the problem he was confronted with. Nobody since the days of Tama Jim Wilson, the first Secretary of Agriculture who served four terms in that job just before the First World War, ever retired from it with honor – if honor be construed as success.

An Alternative to the City

by Rupert Wilkinson

The Twilight of Cities is an important, infuriating book. It is important because it declares boldly that man can and should remake his environment. Mr. Gutkind, a research professor at the Institute for Urban Studies, University of Pennsylvania, argues that the city is an obsolete social form in every sense of the word, both in terms of efficiency and in terms of beauty. If we refuse to think in the simple opposites of Town and Country, argues Mr. Gutkind, we can find an alternative pattern to the city, a decentralized dwelling system quite unlike the combination of sprawl and congestion which characterizes the modern metropolis.

The Twilight of Cities
by E. A. Gutkind
(Free Press; $5)

The thesis itself is stimulating, but its development infuriates. In different places *The Twilight of Cities* runs the gamut from overcondensation to repetition; the style is clean but carping; and the exposition is basically unfair. It deals with the implications of urban planning on the most complex and philosophical plane, yet opposite arguments to the author's contentions are seldom recognized. Above all, the book pays no tribute to the *political* dilemma it poses. Mr. Gutkind demands what he calls a "Revolution of Environment," a high degree of regional and local planning, a rationalized sys-

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techniques of dressing a scene, but he is a true child of Kazan in his passion for meaningless frenzy: yelps and yowls render much of the evening incomprehensible. Rip Torn and George C. Scott contribute generously to the general incoherence, both demonstrating that acting has long since left the neurasthenic stage, and entered the pathological. Torn, playing Eben like a refugee from a Texas lunatic asylum, giggles when he is in despair, stares blankly when he is happy, and spits when he is undecided. And Scott, playing Ephraim like an aging Richard III – shuffling, hoarse, stiff-necked, his eyes bouncing with mad evil – is beginning to use the stage not for purposes of communication but rather for violence and aggression. I am grateful to Colleen Dewhurst for enacting a role and not a psychotic episode; but I did not think she was particularly well cast as Abbie, which she played like a beefy Earth Mother, all smiles, teeth, hairbun, and bosom.

Tennessee Williams has a new play, and this puts him, by purely subjective count, about four plays ahead of Lope de Vega, who wrote over 2000. Insofar as it has an action, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* is Williams' 434th version of the encounter between a pure-corrupt young man and an ogrish, corrupting older woman in a lush and fruity setting (here, the Southern Italian coast). Perhaps aware that the material is rather familiar, Williams treats it in a very peremptory fashion, concentrating instead on a character study of his central figure – a raucous, rich ex-Follies girl, writing her memoirs, and finally accepting the death she is afraid to face through the ministrations of the young man, whom Williams, possibly with a glance at Albee's *Sandbox*, nicknames the Angel of Death. Though the female character is occasionally interesting, the writing is soft, the theme banal, the action sketchy, the play unfinished – and since there is no drama, why should there be a review, especially when the directing, the decor, and the acting (except for a sharp portrait of a Capri witch by Mildred Dunnock) are as indifferent as the text? For more extended commentary, I shall wait until Mr. Williams' desire to form a finished work has caught up with his desire to have something annually produced.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

Hard Edge and Hard Times at the Corcoran

The only group that musters enough strength to look like a group in the Twenty-Eighth Biennial Exhibition of painting now at the Corcoran Gallery of Art is the hard edge geometry gang. There are so many artists of the straight edge and the compass in the show they fairly drown the father of it all, Josef Albers, whose misleadingly titled "Stele and Foliage" is the same old Homage to the Square he's been painting so long. Modestly sized, modestly colored, the quiet Albers arrangement of squares within squares is shouted down by the aggressively flamboyant circles, rectangles and squares of his progeny. He would also be shouted down, if you cared to listen, by the raucous mystiques already in full development for most of the geometricians. The Twenty-Eighth Biennial, however, is all painting, no prose, so the gaudy Euclidians have to stand on their own, not a particularly comfortable position. The weakest of the lot is the painting by Kenneth Noland, who, so far, has had the strongest mystagogical support. His "Blue Extent" is a large arrangement of thickish concentric circles, blue and purple, on white. As far as I have been able to make out, the mystical quality here derives from the fact that, whereas the inner circles are hard edge, the outermost one is soft, thus setting up a dynamic tension from which the Messiah is expected to issue any minute. It is probably the basically agnostic American temper that reacts against Messianism in geometry, because actually several of the exercises are quite pleasant to look at and some are even intriguing. It is unfortunate that the only child of Euclid born with wit, Ad Reinhardt, is missing, and doubly unfortunate that the only Euclidian who can laugh out loud, Norman McLaren, works in another medium and another country, but the loss is somewhat made up for by the sheer precision of some of those present. Sue Fuller, for example, the next best thing to Naum Gabo, has a gorgeously installed, back-lighted, geometrical construction of string on pegs. The string creates planes which overlap and yet retains its own progress of lines and is fascinating to examine. In the same order of excellence: knowing exactly what wants to be done and exactly how to bring it off: is Alexander Liberman's "Air I." The setting is a very large, shallow, square box, painted flat white. Against the flat white is set a circle of orange, with diameter just less than a side of the square. At about five o'clock of the circle is set a much smaller circle, in mauve. Then, on the orange and occupying the area roughly comparable to the Arctic route from Tokyo to Minneapolis, is a single, thin, green arc. The colors, the shapes, the positioning, all are perfect. The thing really does vibrate. The smaller circle takes leave of the larger and floats in

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air as you watch. The green arc vanishes and reappears. It's delightful.

If it be objected that such an arrangement is nothing more than delightful, the answer is that this is a great deal. The entire geometrical movement is, of its nature, fairly slight. It sloughs off vast areas of human experience and artistic ambition as irrelevant to its purposes and concentrates exclusively on color and shape in the narrowest possible interpretation of those qualities. But two notes insure that geometry is an enormous advance over the slop-dash painting of the last decade. First, the geometrician has not only to be able to draw a straight line but also to plan with precision and carry out his plan with care; he is thus at all times inescapably aware that he is making something; the painting is an object, with an existence independent of the self-discoveries of the painter. Art is thus immediately and irrevocably removed from psychotherapy, where it sojourned so long. Second, such geometrical arrangements are addressed to the spectator. Calculation so precise takes for granted the desirability of visual communication and this, too, is a giant step on the road back to humanity.

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The spirit of the hard edge affects other paintings seen in the Corcoran Biennial. George L. K. Morris never looked better, though he is represented by a painting that he seems to have been painting for some thirty years. "Limits of Distance, No. 3" is a familiar Morris motif of the vertiginous, abstract stairwell, into which float black shapes like boomerangs. Like boomerangs, too, the black shapes float back out again and this earliest of American abstractionists still at it suddenly seems to be on the leading edge – a hard one – of advanced American painting.

The hard edge presence in the show reveals a new firmness in the soft, lavender "Requiem" of Grace Hartigan, who so lately slopped and dashed with the best. Raymond Parker's untitled arrangement of three huge red ovals – he could have called it Homage to Revlon – is a variation on a theme he's been painting for several years, but in this context it, too, gains in strength. The main losers, in fact, from the new prevalence of the geometry which has been around quite a while, are such old staples of the fifties as Conrad-Marca-Relli and de Kooning, both of whom look weak, ephemeral and uncertain.

On the evidence of the Corcoran show, the Euclidians will never enjoy the monopoly, or cartel arrangement, that once did so much for the Schmeerkunstlers. The geometricians appear as a strong group in the show primarily because of the absence of any other cohesive force. Art at the Corcoran is thus endowed with a freedom to do anything at all, including figures and even landscapes, and the American artists in the show demonstrate that we still have immense variety in our art.

A lot of it was there all through the cartel epoch and now appears undiminished in vigor, enhanced by the years of quiet refinement of the means. Such are a poignant Edward Hopper nude woman in the morning sun; a haunting and monumental Rico Lebrun, "Night Figures No. 2," in which the two massive, headless and armless, draped forms might be from the Elgin marbles or might be unearthed from some preclassic Mediterranean tomb; an Abraham Rattner "Pieta," with the fallen figure of Christ barely discernible among the thick and melting sunset colors; a cool and cubist Karl Knaths "Cattle Crossing," in which his command of subtle color relationships is more absolute than ever.

Younger painters, too, are a various lot, unharrassed by anybody's imperatives for the next thousand years of art. The return of landscape is especially heartening, because, after all, we do live on the land, like it or not, and in its modest way landscape can provide a beginning of a community of interest between American artists and other Americans. Hedda Sterne austerely calls her work "Vertical-Horizontal No. 2 – 1962," but it is really a stunning picture of moonlight on the water, exquisitely differentiated in its horizontal elements yet powerfully unified in its single vision. Reuben Tam's "Eclipse of the Moon" is soft and poetic, the dark land rising mysteriously to the sky which holds the moon like a dead ember. Yet a different glimpse of the moon is Cleve Gray's "Selene No. 2," in which clouds mass and diminish as light comes and goes through their changing thicknesses. Jon Schueler's "Night Sun," whether taken as sun or moon, swings the darkened orb low over an earth that goes back to infinity. We can end our survey of earth and sky with John Hultberg's "Cloud Demons," exactly what the title says. The land is pretty much the old Hultberg land, broken into rough compartments like field, fold and fallow, but the sky has come alive with clouds shaping themselves into figures from Wagner; as in nature itself on such enchanted days, the figures aren't really there – Hultberg is no Disney – but the disposition of paint, like the disposition of cloud, lets you see them if you want to. Back to earth, we conclude with Jane Wilson's "Between March and April," which is like Cézanne without worrying about it. Fields march great distances to a horizon beneath an infinite sky, and you do

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

RUPERT WILKINSON *is doing research at the Center for the Study of Human Problems at Stanford.* RICHARD STROUT *is a veteran Washington correspondent.*

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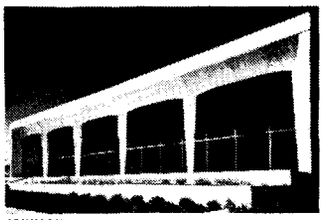

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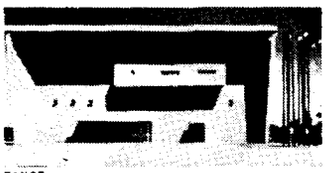

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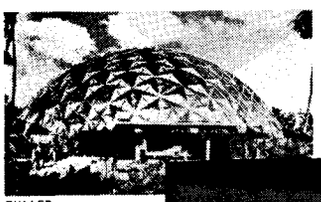

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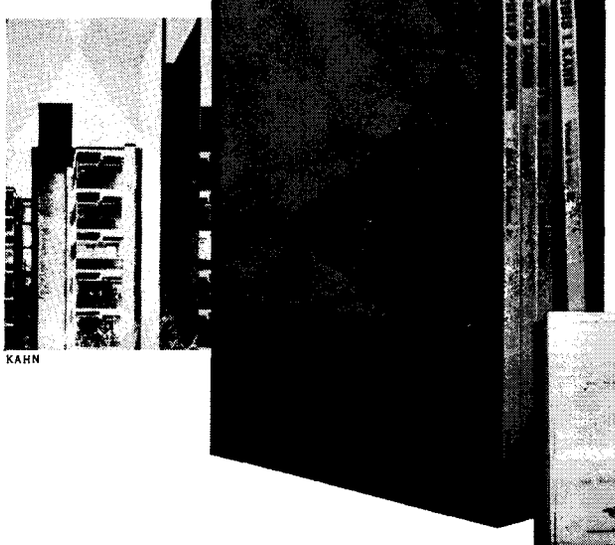

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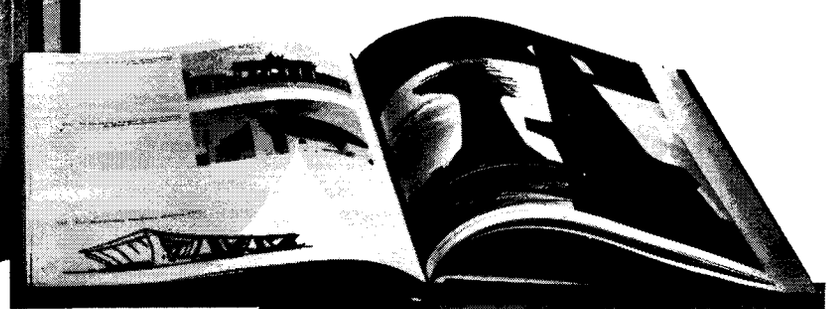

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feel the clarity of that time of year. This rapid ticking off of some of the landscapes in the Corcoran show has ignored the figure, the still-life and the purely decorative abstraction, all of which are well represented. This first rate exhibition, largely the work of the Corcoran director, Hermann Warner Williams, Jr., is the strongest affirmation to date of American painting's freedom in the unmanaged period of post-abstraction. FRANK GETLEIN

FILMS

Good Feelings and Bad Spirits

To Kill A Mockingbird (U-I)
Days of Wine and Roses (Warner)

Although thresholds of tolerance vary, we all like sentimental stories. Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* is one of the best recent examples of the sentimental novel: the book designed principally to create warmth, which doesn't excludes ugliness but views it through generally optimistic eyes, which is not vigorous enough really to celebrate life but does enjoy it. Childhood reminiscence is always a prime area for the sentimental novel because it gives the writer the luxury of paternal feelings towards himself, albeit an alien self. ("The past is a foreign country," wrote L. P. Hartley. "They do things differently there.") The retrospective view increases the heroism of the giant-size father or mother because it sees now that the heroism existed in spite of human shortcomings.

Miss Lee's story, sympathetically adapted to the screen by Horton Foote, takes place in a small Alabama town in 1932 and is told from the viewpoint of the six-year-old daughter of a widower lawyer. The girl and her ten-year-old brother have a series of adventures with a "haunted" house in their street at the same time that their father is defending a Negro accused – falsely it turns out – of raping a white girl. The two narratives eventually interweave, as do good and evil and reticent irony. If good is rarely found so unmixed as it is here, if evil is not so handily contained like a beast in a zoo that can be seen but not felt, why, we all wish life were like that and can enjoy such a story so long as it is not too rude to credibility.

Robert Mulligan has directed with a nice sense of child-mystery and has dealt well with his actors, particularly the two least talented members of his cast, Mary Badham, the child who plays Scout, and Gregory Peck, who plays her father. Small Miss Badham has the right, semi-boy, fierce, shy look, but almost none of the mimetic gift that many children have. Mulligan has used her carefully so that her natural self has maximum effect and so that we only rarely catch her making coached faces. As an actor, Peck is a mountain who has brought forth many emotional mice. This part is cut so close to his limitations that the edges are usually concealed, and in his summing-up at the trial Mulligan has helped him to his best screen moment to date. Brock Peters, the accused Negro, smolders with the hate of hopeless innocence. James Anderson, his sodden accuser, fills us with fitting, impotent rage. Frank Overton has impressive presence as the sheriff, but is developing the Spencer Tracy or Coca-Cola technique: before every reply, a pause that refreshes.

Elmer Bernstein's music is appropriate, and Russell Harlan's photography is lyric without being precious. The sum is a sort of soft-caramel *Intruder in the Dust*, but except for an occa-

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sional strained scene like the one where the girl confronts the lynch mob with her father, it is pleasant.

A more forthright cautionary tale is *Days of Wine and Roses*. It deals with alcoholics, who are perhaps the unluckiest of the sick because patience with them deteriorates fastest. More particularly, it deals with the latest type of alcoholic – the business drunk who proceeds from his enforced lunch and post-work cocktails into a continuum. A young San Francisco PR man, who already drinks a bit more than business prescribes, marries a girl who doesn't drink. She learns, in order to keep him company, and before long they are both raging drunks. He is able, with the help of hospital sessions and Alcoholics Anonymous, to fight his way back to precarious safety. She walks off into the night.

Jack Lemmon, one of our best film actors, gives a disappointing performance as the husband. The delirious fits, in and out of strait-jackets, are superficially effective, but they are easy – almost any amateur could be trained to do them in a couple of hours. In the interplay with other actors he seems unsure, even hurried, as if he didn't quite believe what he was doing or didn't quite trust the script. Lee Remick, his wife, is a pallid actress with a monotonous voice. Blake Edwards, the director, is finally responsible for the lack of conviction in the acting – especially since Lemmon is a previously proved quantity.

J P Miller has adapted his own TV script for the screen and has bungled this pertinent subject. For one reason, the characters are insufficiently motivated or grounded. For another, so many of the scenes forecast themselves that much of the picture is tedious. (When Lemmon uproots a plant in his father-in-law's nursery looking for a buried whiskey bottle, we know that a rampage is coming; and it comes, at length.) The tedium is soon faintly tinged with the ludicrous as an aura of temperance lecture begins to cloak the film, undispelled by sporadic attempts at *Lost Weekend* psychological candor. It finally reduces to a discourse on the Evils of Drink, too blatant to be affecting. Alcoholism is not funny, but Carry Nation is. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

Kennedy's Public Image

Sirs:

In his December 22 column, TRB states that Mr. Kennedy, "with a positive allergy to public emotionalism. . .would be a vastly more effective politician if he could more readily show a human side." On the contrary, Mr. Kennedy is to be congratulated for his quiet determined attitude, which gives the impression of a man whose decisions will not be undermined by unpredictable emotional factors.

Mr. Eisenhower used "public emotionalism" to create the image of a benevolent patriarch content to bask in the adoring homage paid to him by his millions of children and grandchildren. Mr. Nixon floundered in "public emotionalism" with a succession of maudlin displays (from the "Checkers" speech to that last bitter press conference) which ultimately forced even his staunchest allies to

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MEET PEOPLE LIKE THESE

JOHN UPDIKE

. . . from recent Esquire Story After the Storm

". . . I tried to get through to your mother but the lines are out. She doesn't have a scrap of food in the house and if I know Pop Kramer, he'll be trying to eat the dog. Provided he hasn't fallen down the stairs. That would be just my luck; no doctor can get in there." **Esquire means fiction as solid and sought after as any being published, means Roth, Paton, Miller, Capote, Bellow, Nabokov, and some new names you'll soon be hearing lots about.**

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. . . on Race

White people are not really white, but colored people can sometimes be extremely colored. **Esquire courts controversy from Harlem to Harvard to Hollywood. When new words are spoken, old conventions broken, Esquire is on the scene, in on the action.**

DWIGHT MACDONALD

. . . on The Manchurian Candidate

. . . a part has finally been found that Laurence *Harvey can handle — a brainwashed zombie.* **Esquire criticism gives not an inch and shrinks not from calling a spade a spade. For a rare blend of insight and irony, join Dorothy Parker (books) Dwight Macdonald (films) and Martin Mayer (recordings) in Esquire . . .**

NORMAN MAILER

. . . on Sonny Liston

Something unexpected and gentle came into Liston's voice. "Well you are a bum," he said. "Everybody is a bum. I'm a bum too. It's just that I'm a bigger bum than you are." He stood up and stuck out his hand. "Shake bum," he said. **Norman Mailer made headlines of his own at the Liston-Patterson fight in Chicago. What was he up to? An Esquire feature story among other things. More Esquire angries with a keen eye for the absurd and the acerbic . . . Malcolm Muggeridge, David Newman, Mark Epernay.**

FEDERICO FELLINI

. . . on the Via Veneto

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doubt the sincerity of the man. He will never be President. However, Mr. Kennedy manages to combine a reserved aloofness with enough dry humor to show that he is human, two qualities which have endeared monarchs to their more sophisticated British subjects for centuries!

T. R. Carsley
Montreal, Canada

Dwight Macdonald's Kulturkampf

Sirs:

If your reviewer Mr. Gilman's view ("Dwight Macdonald's Kulturkampf," January 5) of the arts is that "for the majority of men counterfeits are all that is possible" and why aspire, I find it astonishing that you ask him to review anything at all, much less the work of a mind as uncluttered with such claptrap as Dwight Macdonald's. What on earth has a "compassion for majorities" to do with it? Compassion is not a critic's business, nor even Mr. Gilman's, but God's. Art is created in this common-man's century very much as it always has been, *viz.*, not merely by the few but by the conspicuously non-conforming few; is a man to be abused for seeing this and saying so? Or for wishing to keep steadily before us what the standards of our heritage in fact are? Or for possessing the almost bred-out ability to distinguish what comes up to them from what doesn't?

W. M. Spackman
Princeton, N. J.

Request from Germany

Sirs:

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